

PACIFIC WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 5, 1936

PEACE OR PICKETS?

JOHN BOND

THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE

John J. Gross

MEN WITH HOMES

Howard B. Hoffman

SALINAS AND THE PRESS

Editorial

"D. H. LAWRENCE"

Reviewed by
Una Jeffers



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NOTES AND COMMENT

THE Reverend Martin Luther Thomas of Los Angeles is rapidly becoming one of the leading fascist exponents in the West. Some years ago, Thomas was an adjunct of the city administration headed by the lugubrious John C. Porter. At that time, it was Thomas' function to support the administration by making lurid radio speeches about the vice, liquor, and gambling dens which Porter had theoretically eliminated. Today Thomas has moved forward to subjects more worthy of his rather turgid rhetoric. He has founded the Christian American Crusade, "For God, Country, and Home." Obviously, the movement has developed a considerable following. Thomas speaks every morning over KNX, there is usually an afternoon, and sometimes an evening broadcast; the movement has its "youth section"; and it has launched several open rallies. The ideology of the movement is interesting. The Roosevelt administration is "Communism in Office," representing a successful conspiracy on the part of Felix Frankfurter, Jerome Frank, Mordecai Ezekiel, et al., to gain control of the government. These "alien race" leaders have contrived to wreck the economy of America by an artificially contrived scarcity. They are holding America back from the abundant life, when, in sober fascist truth, all that is required is "money." Our present difficulties are financial; currency problems. Of course, Thomas is anti-Semitic, anti-alien; anti-communist. He calls in his speeches for "action." His emphasis on the word is, indeed, striking. But he never indicates what particular action he desires. What makes his movement important is the fact that, with considerable realism, he has gone out to enlist in his movement the down-at-the-heels Protestant clergymen from the rural sections. In this effort, he has met with great success. Most of these rural clergymen are without ideas, money, or influence. They have been pushed aside. Now, from Los Angeles, comes Thomas,

with influence, regular radio time, and a "cause." They are discovering that by playing up this cause of anti-communism they can, once again, move into the current of influence in their various communities. By abandoning their old exegesis, and talking anti-communism, they not only enlarge their rural audiences, but local business men begin to take notice of them and to give them support. It is for this reason, primarily, that Thomas is dangerous. He has a very large rural support already, particularly in Riverside County. And he is getting money, for the stream of pamphlets, dodgers, tracts, radio reprints, and broadcasts continues. Personally Thomas is well cut out for the role. He steps full blown from the novels of Sinclair Lewis. The Christian American Crusade will warrant careful and constant scrutiny.

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ARGELY as the result of the constant agitation of the Reverend Martin Luther Thomas, and Assemblyman John Phillips, the County of Riverside has employed a special sleuth at a salary of \$1800 per year to spy upon the youth of Riverside County and to report any subversive activities he may discover. The Reverend Thomas, as pointed out in comment above, is a remarkable individual. Speaking in Riverside on September 15th, 1936, at the United Presbyterian Church, he solemnly stated that "Anyone who understands communism knows that the wreck of the great dirigible Shenandoah, and other such disasters, were the result of sabotage." Under such irresponsible leadership, it is not surprising to find that many youngsters, recruited in the Christian American Crusade, are beginning to see things in the dark and in the daylight. According to Thomas, one of these youngsters reported that on the first day of school his teacher praised the principles of Karl Marx and said that "religion is nothing but bunk." With due allowance for the possibility of great courage and audacity on the part of the Riverside teachers, it is rather difficult to believe that any teacher would make either of these statements in that God-fearing community. Doubtless the special investigator will discover all manner of heresies—it is his business to do so. When a group of Riverside citizens circulated a mimeographed statement protesting against the employment of a private sleuth to spy on children, the reactionary forces of the community hit the roof. The Riverside Daily Press sternly rebuked these citizens for believing in democracy and for resenting the powerful attempts now being made to build up a fascist element in the schools and colleges of America.

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OME YEARS HENCE, investigators will have a grand time collecting examples of the curious folklore about communism and the communists which existed in California during 1936. There is, for example, the wonderful story told of Attorney General U. S. Webb—that humorless reactionary. When asked why his investigators believed that the migratory camp at Marysville was inhabited by communists, Webb is reported to have said: "Why we know it is: they found a typewriter." Recently, agents of the Department of Agriculture were conducting a proceeding in San Diego to condemn certain cattle which, after investigation, had been found to be tubercular. The owners of the cattle intervened in the proceeding to resist the order of condemnation and, under oath, testified that the cattle had been injected with tuberculosis by communists agitators as part of a plot to wreck the government. Their

testimony, fortunately, is a matter of public record in a judicial proceeding, so that future investigators will have no difficulty in proving the almost abysmal absurdities that flourish in these curious times.

IT WILL be of interest to those who have followed the revelations of Ignatius McCarthy, the representative of the Lake Erie Chemical Co. and San Francisco "private detective," who sold tear gas and tear gas guns in Salinas and also to waterfront employers in 1934, to learn that it was Mr. Ignatius McCarthy who installed the dictaphone apparatus in the house rented for the peculiar operations of the spy "Captain Sharkey" in Carmel. Apparently Mr. McCarthy has been installing dictaphones for quite a time for he testified in Washington that he had dictographs in the office of Chief of Police William J. Quinn and overhead there "deals" with gamblers and racketeers.

McCarthy was subpoenaed to Washington to testify before the LaFollette Senate committee on industrial spying activities in America and there blew the lid off some of his and his fellow workers' doings.

"WATCHFUL care and interest of this government over its citizens are not relinquished because they have gone abroad; and if charged with crime committed in a foreign land a fair and open trial, conducted with decent regard for justice and humanity, will be demanded for them."

—President Cleveland, 1886

Lawrence Simpson, American sailor, has after fourteen months in Nazi prison and concentration camp finally received his trial, and the sentence of three years in prison. That sentence, in Nazi Germany, may mean death. Certainly it should have been meted out only after a scrupulously fair trial. But the defense attorney for Simpson, a Nazi lawyer of course, promised even before the trial that his client would be convicted! The American sailor was visited once by the United States consul at Berlin, he saw an American lawyer once, merely for the sake of conversation. Nothing was done to help him by either visitor; moreover our Department of State has kept quiet and inactive in spite of popular interest in the Simpson case. In short, this American citizen has had little short of mockery from the country of his citizenship. No one asks, to be sure, that we go to war with Germany over this sailor, although we might if he were the owner of a ship instead of a worker on a ship. All we ask is that our government take the words of President Cleveland at face value, as a statement of American policy. We could have exerted every effort to assure Simpson "a fair and open trial"; we could even have "demanded" decent regard for justice and humanity."

That we did not is Simpson's loss. And it may mean the loss of his life.

LETTER FROM SPAIN

IN the elections on the 16th of February of this year, the leftist parties, the parties of the workers as we would say, won. In consequence, the propertied and privileged classes conceived the idea of seizing power by a coup d'état which would have a military character. The generals and the

greater part of the officers of the Spanish army were living against their will in a regime of Republican democracy. They preferred the monarchy which had bestowed all kinds of honors and privileges upon them, although these were at the expense of the workers who had for centuries been forced to live a wretched existence. It was for this reason that they wove the plot to overthrow the government legally elected by the people.

About a month and a half ago a successful attempt was made on the life of Señor Calvo Sotelo. This gentleman was the head of a minority of extreme rightist deputies and he was, as has now been established, at that very moment organizing the forces of insurrection. As a result of Sotelo's death, the military elements advanced the date of their revolt and thus, fifteen days afterwards, on the 18th of July, the garrison of Melilla, which is in the Spanish Protectorate in Africa, revolted. In Barcelona, the people, supported by the assault guards, the guards of public safety, and the civil guards, threw themselves into the streets in defense of the Republic. Violent struggles began in which thousands were killed and wounded. Artillery pieces, machine guns and even the airplanes, which dropped bombs against the rebel troops, entered the scene.

It seems that the militarists did not count on this unanimous reaction of the working class. After a day and a half of fighting in the streets of Barcelona the troops surrendered. In Madrid a similar thing happened, but the failure of the rebels stood in the way of success in the capital. If the people of Barcelona had not won, without any doubt, Fascism would have been introduced into Spain.

One must regret some churches have been burned. As for the liturgical ornaments, all have been burned throughout almost all of Spain in order that no vestige of these people may remain. Now they have equipped the churches for educational centers and other uses for the public welfare.

The forty-hour week has been introduced for all laborers, with a thirty per cent increase in salaries. Also, all rents of less than 200 pesetas (about \$26) have been cut in half in order to bestow upon the workers some of the opportunities which only the militarists and churches previously had.

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SALINAS AND THE PRESS

EDITORIAL

JOURNALISTIC history was made in California last week. A great metropolitan daily dared to tell the facts in a strike struggle. The outcry, the outraged denials from the "forces of law and order," from the Chambers of Commerce, the "Citizens' Associations" and other employer-dominated groups, when they read the truth, are a measure of how far we have already travelled along the road of those countries whose press is government owned and dictated to. Mr. Chester Rowell had to excuse and explain; he stated the ideals of a free press courageously, stated that not only must it be free of Government interference, but also free of "other pressures"—those of advertisers and subscribers. Mr. Rowell stated that the "immediate private interests" of a newspaper are "frequently not the same as the interest of the whole people." Ideally, said Mr. Rowell, the paper should take the broader view "even against the pressure which it is sure to face." He made a good distinction between the long-term view and the immediate interests.

Now it is fairly obvious from reading the *Chronicle* what must have happened in San Francisco: the united front of industrialists must have gotten into action and exerted its "pressures," and threatened more. Outraged advertisers advertised their doings, under the firm belief they were acting righteously, in their own interests, which they have told themselves so long are the interests of the community that they verily believe it. The owner of the hotel which played a notorious part in Salinas announced to friends that "The Chronicle is through in Salinas." These private special interests

suddenly found themselves faced with the fact that it was more important to them to have a united front of employer-owners, girded for struggle, strikebreaking to win, than the impartial facts told to the community. And it must have surprised even them, sincere as some of them are, to find it wasn't the truth and liberty they stood for (as they have so long parroted through their many hundred organizations)—it was the coloration of the facts and the distortion of the news that would fool the public into supporting their special private interests. The lid was almost lifted from the great lie that is fed the American people; the *Chronicle*, at any rate, did that. Other papers, when they saw where the truth was leading, drew back shocked. The *Monterey Peninsula Herald*, reporting the Salinas facts daily, and editorially denouncing the Fascism and the Fuehrer (yes, they called "Colonel" Sanborn Fuehrer!) in a day or two discreetly withdrew behind a weak and intimidated "Maybe." Newspaper editors are so used to the coloring and the compromis-

ing, and have set themselves right with themselves and their ideals so long, that the facts do shock them.

Some local Chambers of Commerce, in "manifestoes" issued liberally to the press, made statements which harly jibed with all the facts—as did Police Judge Griffin and Sheriff Abbot when they stated there had been no attack on the Labor Temple and that there were no vigilantes in Salinas. These officials must have gotten so used to not thinking of workers and small merchants as "people" that they didn't realize that several thousand had seen with their naked eye the events they now proceeded to deny. A reporter for *PACIFIC WEEKLY* stood within half a block of the Labor Temple as it was attacked by tear gas; stood on the curb of a street as State Highway Police drove by on the way back from escorting lettuce trucks to the sheds, and saw them wantonly and without provocation, throw gas bombs at peaceful groups of pickets blocks away from the main highway. This reporter also saw a group of several hundred middle-aged men with blue ribbons around their arms marching up and down the streets helplessly and sheepishly crying "Let's Get 'Em! Let's Get 'Em!" Occasionally they would stop to call out to groups of idlers: "Come on! Join us." Once they found a victim: a man standing on a street corner in overalls. A group of about twenty surrounded him menacingly, pushed and shoved him, and ground at him through clenched teeth: "Go on, say something!" After a while another group rescued the worker (as it happened, not a lettuce packer), and the "deputized forces of law and order" were cheated of their victim. Then



the blue-armed band straggled together again, huddled around some of their members, turned about and "marched" in another direction—the picture of a mob looking for, trying to make, trouble. They were unshaven, sweaty, irritable. For the most part they looked as if they ought to be sitting at home peering over their spectacles reading the sporting pages, and indulging in such remarks as "Well, now what d'ye know about that?" "I'll tell the cock-eyed world" "You don't say!" Every time this band passed a group of real pickets they grew visibly scared. They carried pick-ax handles and clubs to give them courage, and many had revolvers in their holsters.

Some of these facts were so glaring they had to be told. Threatening to lynch the reporter who told them, keeping the photographer who photographed them incommunicado in a hotel lounge, did not make the facts less true. And Mr. Cruse Carrier's red-baiting dreams and "Colonel" Sanborn's hysterical visions of a man under the bed, like any old maid

left alone in the dark, did not help clear the air for sane and sensible treatment of a strike struggle.

This has still to come. The growers may be shipping lettuce with scabs; the reactionary leaders may be trying to sow dissension and suspicion within the ranks of the union (though with notably little success—Secretary A. S. Doss' shameful gesture in burning *Western Workers* that reported the strike; when there were San Francisco Examiners and Call-Bulletins full of misstatements and incitement that were left untouched it not going to be soon forgotten); Governor Merriam may be innocently suggesting the union accept preference for strike-breakers: the basic problem has not been touched. Even gathering one month's lettuce harvest with terror and guns, nausea gas and police, doesn't touch it. The agricultural workers in California are battling for the right to organize, the right to bargain as a union with their employers—who have shown how firmly they are organized in a half dozen trade associations. The workers have to have security in their jobs and assurance they won't be thrown out to starve whenever the price of lettuce moves the grower-shipper-bankers to reduce wages. The very fact that the growers bring the argument that they must be "free to act as they see fit"

with the fluctuations of the market proves that that is what they will do. Here are economically irreconcileable interests. They are the very reason fascism came in Italy and Germany; only, fascism has demonstrated it also cannot solve that economic problem.

For the American people to try and solve this burning problem without the ghastly bloodshed, misery and waste of the civil wars and tyrannies of those countries which have embraced fascism, it will be necessary to have all the facts at their disposal, historical knowledge and current news; the true picture, the color and the background, the acts and words of all sides both when they are sane and cool and when they are hostile and stubborn. To give these stories, with their color and their background, with all their facets exposed, (not just "one side" or "both sides"—there are as many sides as there are phases of human nature)—is to render a great service to the American ideal, the American tradition, the American love of democratic liberty. The metropolitan press that reported Salinas and stuck by its guns even when attacked has served the interests of honest Americans, and no amount of special pressure or indignant denunciation can blot out that service from the pages of history.

PEACE OR PICKETS!

LABOR NOTES

WITH the deadline forty-eight hours off, efforts to avert a lockout of 37,000 maritime workers are completely deadlocked. Whether war or peace prevails on the waterfront after September 30th depends solely on the shipowners; until this moment, their attitude has made battle virtually inevitable.

Major developments of the past ten days are:

1. Waterfront Employers announced the conditions under which they will employ longshoremen after September 30th (when they contend the agreements terminate). The conditions which they will attempt to enforce include hourly wages of \$1 and \$1.50 overtime; an eight-hour day and forty-four-hour week; hiring from the docks until hiring halls can be re-established under terms acceptable to the employers; the iron-clad rule that work is to be performed as directed.

In relation to existing conditions, the arbitrary terms destroy every effective gain of the longshoremen in the past two years. The six-hour day, thirty-hour week is abolished; hiring halls, jointly operated but with I.L.A. dispatchers, are eliminated. A slight hourly increase in pay, as requested by the I.L.A., is granted, though with longer hours it makes the daily wage for an eight-hour day less; and the possibility of longshoremen refusing to pass through picket lines is specifically prohibited.

The obvious effect of arbitrary rules, imposed by fiat of the employers, will be to force the longshoremen in every Pacific Coast port off the job. Once the longshoremen form picket lines, every maritime craft necessarily will refuse to work, thus precipitating the actual battle.

2. Representatives of all maritime unions proposed to the employers that existing conditions be continued for fifteen days after September 30th, the interval to be devoted to night-and-day efforts to conclude agreements. The hope of the unions was to jump the psychological hurdle of September

JOHN BOND

30th as well as to provide additional time in which to find a basis for peaceful settlements.

The employers, at this writing, have not shifted their ground. They have rejected the fifteen-day truce and have displayed no particular desire to do anything but put into effect their own conditions. The alternative they give the unions is, of course, arbitration of their proposals and those of the unions. The I.L.A. in a referendum vote, turned down the proposition of arbitration with only about 5 per cent dissenting. Moreover, in view of the nature of the employers' proposals, there is no real alternative, for to entertain arbitration of some proposals is to enter a tails-you-win, heads-I-lose affair.

3. Edward F. McGrady, assistant secretary of labor, arrived on the scene in an effort to find a means of arriving at a peaceful settlement. The proximity of the deadline, however, has forced him to concentrate his efforts on securing a postponement of the deadline, rather than on the more fundamental questions. However, in the hours of conference which have passed since his arrival, the matter of conditions indubitably has been broached if not thoroughly rehashed.

McGrady has not a great deal to offer either side, except the pressure he can bring personally and as representative of the President. In the final analysis, an appeal to the President to intervene may be his trump card and, for the moment at least, the winning trick. Only an appeal from the highest power would save enough of the employers' face to permit them to accept a postponement and, perhaps, ultimately a peaceful settlement.

4. Apparently in great haste, President Roosevelt appointed three members of the Maritime Commission, which will administer the ship subsidies under the 1936 Maritime Act. While the Commission is empowered to investigate and establish minimum wages and working conditions on subsidized

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vessels, there is grave doubt that its powers are extensive or powerful enough to allow successful intervention in the present situation.

In the first place, their powers extend only to seafaring workers on boats operating under the new subsidy set-up and thus cannot directly affect the longshoremen. Secondly, the Commission becomes effective legally thirty days after its appointment, thereby making it necessary to secure a postponement of hostilities if it is to avert a stoppage. Such postponement would be subject to all the difficulties now being encountered. Finally, there is some question as to whether such conditions as the Commission might promulgate could be enforced against shipowners who have not entered into contracts under the new law but for the moment are operating under the old subsidy arrangement.

In the final analysis, however, the Commission has the final word as to how its \$100,000,000 shall be expended and such a fund is not uninviting to the shipowner. For some consideration in the way of subsidies, he might make some concessions in labor policy. Much, however, would depend on the attitude of the Commission and all too little is known as yet about the present members. Two members are Navy

men, the other from the Treasury department. None is particularly representative of labor. Hence, some question can be raised as to its willingness to administer the fund in such a fashion as to encourage a more intelligent labor policy.

With the deadline forty-eight hours off, anything can happen. A toss of a coin or a roll of dice can decide whether the longshoremen go to work on October 1 or report to the picket line. The shipowners have talked themselves into an almost irrevocable position and it will be difficult for them to avoid the logic of their attitude and at the same time avoid a humiliating reversal of policy. On the other hand, to resort to a lockout before the various unions have had at least the semblance of a hearing—two unions have not yet exchanged proposals and meetings with two others have been exceptionally brief—is the maddest sort of policy, one which will be difficult to uphold in the eyes of the public.

The logical answer, of course, is a postponement of any arbitrary changes in conditions for a sufficient time to allow negotiations for all organizations to be completed or to be definitely broken off. The next forty-eight hours will decide the issue and the answer will be known by the time this appears in print.

THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE

JOHN J. GROSS

HORACE had met Mollison in the hotel dining room where "Big George" had invited the newly-elected junior senator from his own state for lunch. Later, after Hamilton joined them, Mollison had invited them both upstairs for a little game of poker.

Of course, the reason for lunching with Mollison which bulked largest in the mind of Horace Bottom was his desire to thank the important man for the part he had played in his campaign. While they were alone he hastened to express himself. "I really appreciate your inviting me down here more than I can say. I have a great deal to thank you for, Mr. Mollison. More than I can ever repay, I'm afraid."

"Pshaw, think nothing of it, Senator!" He had fished two cigars from his coat pocket, proffered one to his companion and, lighting the other for himself, rolled it casually upon his tongue as he turned upon Horace with the serious scowl of thought darkening his forehead. "It's a pleasure and an honor to be entertaining the newly-elected junior senator from your own home state on his first trip to the capitol. Let me tell you, Bottom, I was mighty happy to see you win out back home. Did all I could for you." He nodded wisely, and, as one eye blinked closed in his heavy face, nudged his companion slyly with an extended forefinger. "Threw a lot of votes your way—even if I do say so."

Horace had smiled happily. It was true of course. Mr. Mollison was a very big man back home. Everyone was pretty proud of Mr. Mollison. You could see that with half an eye. Always thinking of his town and state; suggesting new civic improvements, boosting his own section of the country. One of the state's most prominent business men—undoubtedly; mixed up in everything.

"Been telling everyone here you've got a big future in front of you, Horace," Mollison continued. "The representatives of true Americanism here are all for you. Glad to have

an addition to their ranks; glad to be associated with someone who stands on the solid old-time virtues."

Horace had vowed then and there to make himself worthy of that confidence.

As they went in to lunch, Mollison rubbed his hands together with the warm anticipatory appreciation of the well-fed man for the good things of life. Horace began to glow under the spell of the great man's personality as he was reminded again: "When a man finds a citizen who stands for liberty, a leader with the people's rights at heart, he likes to do what he can for him. But you had to have the stuff first. That's the way I look at it."

At lunch they talked about the campaign in which "Big George" had played such an important part. Horace recalled the eventful day on which Mollison had come to his office in the small up-state town. There had been an hour's conference—it was as simple as that—and Horace had been indorsed. "Big George" had said that Horace Bottom was a real man, quiet, honest, sane, and a stern defender of the people's rights. In the city he gave more interviews, declaring that he had never met a more modest man—real old American stuff. Another reporter quoted him as saying that in Horace Bottom the nation had another Coolidge. The swing to "Big George's" choice was phenomenal. Overnight the name of Mayor Bottom was on every tongue. At the Fall elections, Horace was elected by an overwhelming majority.

"Well, Horace," "Big George" was saying over the consommé. "I expect you find it some different here from being mayor back home."

"Frankly yes, Mollison; it's taking me longer than I imagined it would just to get the hang of things. Trouble is they don't give me anything to do."

Mollison laughed good-naturedly. "Well, yes, Horace, I guess that true. What I say is, you got to wait your turn until

something big comes along. Now I wouldn't be much surprised if Hamilton didn't fix you up something to keep you busy. Another thing, you can keep your eye on bills that affect our end of the country."

"Oh, yes," Horace said. "I'm keeping my eyes and ears open."

"Now this Indian bill for instance," Mollison continued. "Just coming out of committee now. We got to pass that, Horace; means a lot for our state."

"Do you really think so?" Horace asked. "You know, Mollison, I wondered about that bill when I read it. Of course that branch line into the fisheries should help the Indians, but about that out-right grant of land on the right-of-way for purposes of development—well, I don't know about that. Don't you think . . . ?"

"Oh, that!" laughed "Big George" lightly. "Well, Senator, it's all the way you look at it. Perfectly all right, I assure you. You see it's pretty necessary to get private capital in there if that land's going to be developed for the natives. And it's not much of a deal at that. Doubt very much if the bill would be worth the paper it's written on if it wasn't for that clause."

Horace shook his head slowly from side to side, troubled and unconvinced.

"Here, have another glass of this wine," Mollison said. "Not bad, not bad at all."

J. Carson Hamilton joined the pair as they were finishing their lunch. An old man in a bat-wing collar, black string tie, and dark clothes. His eyes behind the pince-nez that he affected were large and round. In his small drawn face they gave the appearance of owlish wisdom.

He rubbed his heavily-veined parchment hands together, and cackled drily with satisfaction. "It's something to be alive on such a fine day, eh?" At each of them in turn he smiled an affectionate smile. "Makes you young again; makes you eager for the good things of life—like a glass of that promising looking red wine, for example."

"Big George" Mollison poured a glassful for the senior senator and motioned him to a chair. "Sit down, sit down, Senator!" he urged.

Horace nodded his assent, pleased and alert, swaying lightly on his stalk before the newly awakened winds of the good things of life.

The senior senator sipped his wine-slowly, and turning to his younger colleague, asked: "What's your attitude toward this bill that I'm about to introduce, my boy?"

"That's really a coincidence," Horace said, uneasy burbles of startled laughter rising from his throat. "Do you recall, Mollison? Why it was only ten minutes ago that we were speaking of that very thing!"

"Indeed!" said the senior senator. "A very great deal depends upon our own section's support."

"It was trying to bring Horace around to the broad view," "Big George" said. "Necessary to clear away a few difficulties first you know." Turning to Horace he asked, "Didn't I make you understand the necessity of that provision, Senator?" A troubled frown wrinkled the forehead of Horace Bottom. "I don't see how . . ." He broke off, puzzled.

"Now look here, Bottom," "Big George" exclaimed testily. "Don't be a damned fool. There's two million in it. Think of the state, your future, your friends . . ."

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" the senior senator put in mildly. "I'm sure that when Horace has been tried by experience, he will appreciate the necessity of standing with his supporters and friends."

Horace thought the two gentlemen to whom he was introduced in the tenth floor room looked familiar; at least their names were familiar, and, of course, if they were friends of Mollison and Hamilton they would be big men, important. Deems and Harn: those were the names of the men to whom he was introduced. Real Estate, Brokerage, Market Men: the whoe thing was confusing if one allowed it to be. He discovered that they were all related in some intangible, but none the less actual, way. Horace had not yet become accustomed to the warmth and cordiality extended him by all the prominent persons he had met since his election. He belonged; they accepted him!

To be accepted, that was the important thing. At one time he had served as delegate to his party's national convention. Somehow he felt his inferiority there. Despite the unity of party ties, he was not at ease in the presence of the great and near-great with whom he mingled in loud-voiced and enthusiastic gayety. It so happened that a man from his own state, an important politician with whom he had never been on intimate terms, was chosen as the vice-presidential nominee. The biggest thrill of his life had come when he had been allowed to step to the microphone and announce to this hitherto unapproachable great man the news of his nomination. "Jim," he faltered, thrilling to the temerity of using the great man's nickname, "Jim, I am happy beyond words. Accept the congratulations of the delegation for the honor which has come to you, and through you, to the state."

It was something like that now, though here his position was assured and he belonged, he was accepted. Yes, undoubtedly Horace Bottom was small fry, but that was one thing about America: even the smallest fry could claim the biggest pot to be cooked in.

Harn was dealing. "What do you say, George? What's your limit?"

"Oh, come now," Mollison laughed. "Nothing serious. No scalping, boys. Just a little friendly game for Senator Bottom and our old friend Hamilton."

Strangely enough, and much to his own surprise, Horace began to win consistently. As the stakes grew, his concern grew with his winnings.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

MARCEL CLIMENT PUIG is an accountant in a hosiery factory in Catalonia, Spain. His article (a letter to a California friend) was dated August 7th and arrived in California September 21st. JOHN J. GROSS was graduated from the University of Oregon in 1933 with a major in English Literature; he writes "I have been attempting to beat the depression ever since. I have written stories, poems and an unpublished biography of the English essayist, Richard Jefferies."

PHIL McCANN has just finished his book "America Breeds Criminals." He has been at many court trials.

HELENE MULLINS has contributed verse to the "New Yorker" and other magazines.

HOWARD B. HOFFMAN lives in Oakland. His story in this issue, he writes, "is founded on fact."

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LESLIE T. WHITE is an expert in the detection of graft and crime, having worked in the District Attorney's office in Los Angeles for many years. His autobiography "Me, Detective" has just been published.

WINSTON GIBBS is a medical student who studied at the University of Minnesota.

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"This is most remarkable," he declared while the deal was passing. "Never could play this game, always unlucky. I feel badly about winning all this money."

"Nonsense, Senator!" said Mollison sharply. "It's just your night, yours and Senator Hamilton's. Some other time we'll get ours."

Horace counted the chips furtively behind his hand. The two little stacks represented close to a thousand dollars, and they had been playing only an hour and a half. He began to feel nervous and anxious in his mind. His brain was spinning and his skin felt tight and drawn.

On the next deal Horace opened the bidding but decided not to stay after the second time around. On the draw he failed to strengthen his hand, but Hamilton dropped out and Horace decided to do the sporting thing in a friendly game, and give the others a chance to get back some of the money they had lost. He watched the bets grow until there were five hundred dollars on the table, then Mollison called.

"Well, Horace," he asked amiably, "what can you show?"

Horace put his pair of Jacks upon the table. "Not much, I guess."

"Beats me," said "Big George" with a shrug.

"Me too," chimed Mollison's friends.

"My God!" said Horace.

Mollison laughed heartily. "That's the way it goes! Would of sworn you were bluffing."

"But really, gentlemen," said Horace in confusion.

Harn laughed good-naturedly. "Forget it! As long as you play the game you deserve what you get, eh George?"

"Hah!" said the senior senator, thumbing through the roll of bills that represented his winnings. "A splendid afternoon gentlemen." Hamilton was preparing to leave. "May I drop you off, Horace?"

In Hamilton's car the senior senator said, "I'm going to introduce that Indian bill on the floor tomorrow, Horace, my boy." Rubbing his chin reflectively he looked away from the younger man. As the car slowed for the light to change he leaned from the window to buy a paper from the boy on the corner. He glanced at the headlines and said casually, "I hope you don't retain any false notions about that particular provision."

BLACK LEGIONNAIRES ON TRIAL

PHIL McCANN

ICED HERE EARLY, but already there was a long line waiting to get in the courtroom. The line moves . . . we enter.

We crowd into four benches in the rear. Ladies are given front row seats. It is the usual type of courtroom; two Maces adorn the space for spectators, the Bench is flanked by lights, a space by the witness stand has seats for jurors, a set of chairs for witnesses and a press table.

A cop enters, tosses his hat on a chair. Twelve prisoners, shackled together, march in. All eyes follow them from the door to their seats. Their handcuffs unlocked, they stretch and gaze around, then go into huddles with their attorneys.

They are members of the Black Legion. They are being tried for the murder of Charles Poole, a WPA worker. They have been on trial since Dayton Dean, self-confessed "trigger-man" for the Black Legion, implicated them all in a confession several weeks ago. Nothing unusual about any of them. Some are big, some are small; they appear to fit the lumpen-proletariat type.

How did the Black Legion get its start? It is a mixture of Klansmen, vigilantes, scabs and red-baiters. Frequent internal strife in Klan circles brought about their partial break-up in Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, their former strongholds. The magnates of auto, steel and rubber in this territory, alarmed at the rising tide of organization, saw in the remnants of the Klan a useful organization. Combining the usual race and religious hatreds with anti-labor and anti-Communist feelings, they dyed the robes, made the organization very secret and went out after members. They wanted members who held "proper ideas," could keep their mouths shut, and could get firearms.

A Rifle and Pistol Club served as a blind for carrying guns, the Wolverine Republican League gave political backing and a former governor of the State gave them his paternal blessing. Judges, prosecutors, police commissioners, plain

policemen, and some city employees joined, and the Black Legion began its work.

How many acts of violence, arson, murder and bombings they have committed is not fully known. Dayton Dean, the "trigger-man," pleaded guilty and has been given a life sentence. His three-day testimony to acts of violence only told what he personally knew of Black Legion terrorism.

A few capers are worthy of mention:

Plotted to kill Maurice Sugar, prominent Detroit attorney, friend of labor and active in the Farmer-Labor Party. Dean laid for him with a bomb but got cold feet when he feared too many would be killed by bombing a house.

Burned down the buildings of Camp Liberty, a workers camp outside Detroit, three times.

Tossed pineapples (bombs) into several labor and Communist offices. (Always late at night when they would not



be seen.)

Joined unions, corrupted and broke up many of them. Used their power to hinder affiliation of the Auto Workers to the A. F. of L.

Bombed many strikers' homes during the strike of the Motor Products Corporation.

Shot and killed Silas Coleman, 42-year-old Negro, "for the fun of it."

Attempted to place typhoid germs in milk and cheese destined for Jewish homes.

Sought a Negro active in politics. Couldn't find him so killed another Negro on the street, "so they wouldn't go home disappointed."

John Bielak, Auto Union organizer, shot and killed.

For all these acts, twelve Black Legionnaires are standing trial for the murder of Charles Poole.

The "higher-ups," at last report, were still at large...

The Judge enters.

Standing, we have the benediction of the State of Michigan poured on us by a court crier.

Defense Attorney Cruse has moved for a directed verdict of *not guilty* against nine defendants. His lame contentions are not convincing. A bit of legal sparring, then Judge Moynihan declares:

"There is sufficient evidence for this case to go to the jury. The motion of the defense is denied."

Eight men and four women of the jury take their seats.

In his testimony of Black Legion activities Dean has consistently told of "Colonel" Harvey Davis, his companion when Poole was killed. The defense plays its ace by calling the "Colonel" to the stand.

He is a loose, lanky man with hard-staring black eyes, heavy eyebrows, and lined face. "The Colonel," according to his testimony, has worked for the City eleven years, is married and has four daughters. Admitting membership in the Legion (which Detroit papers term a "cult") he proceeds to tell how he was "induced" to join.

Dean asked if he liked to go fishing. The "Colonel" got his tackle, met Dean along the road at night and they drove to a large field where a host of men were standing about. Telling Davis to stay in the car, Dean got out and joined the throng. A man came to Davis' car, questioned him at length on his family, religion, political principles and then took him into the crowd for initiation. Since many wore robes, Davis thought it was a Klan meeting. Dean was wearing a robe and Davis recognized him when the initiation took place. There were six or seven hundred present; the gathering lasted until dawn. This was two and a half years ago. The "Colonel" stated: "Once I got in, I didn't want to get out. I'm an American."

His attorney repeatedly asks him to speak louder so the jury can hear. Nervous and ill at ease, he slouches in his seat, often hesitating over his replies. The court room is quiet; the jury stares; spectators exchange looks of hatred or triumph as the "Colonel" answers questions.

Since Dayton Dean broke the story, the defense is striving to fasten the entire blame for the reign of terror upon him.

Taking his orders from Dean, the "Colonel" (who was only a Captain before his promotion) relates how Dean ordered him to get Poole's address. At this time he was circulating petitions for the Republicans of Michigan and his "business" took him about to many strange spots. Since Dean was a "Major" from Headquarters, Davis continued to take his orders, even after he had obtained his "Colonelcy."

The "Colonel" heard a gossipy girl relate how Poole beat his wife. He obtained Poole's address from a Legion member. The next night Poole was killed.

At a previous session of the court, Rebecca Poole, in a choked, sobbing voice told Dayton Dean, the killer of her husband, her opinion of his act. Before she got very far court attaches led her out. Her husband had never beaten her. Gossips fabricated the story when she was in the hospital having a child.

Whatever the outcome of the trial, it is safe to say that the Black Legion is not as powerful as it was. The hoodlums who spread the terror discouraged many from joining. When Dayton Dean blew the top off the whole matter many prominent and active men left the organization. The passing of the first storm saw them back, however, campaigning as usual. They denied everything. Wilbur Brucker, former governor who has been linked to Legion activities recently defeated James Couzens in the primaries for the Republican nomination for Senator. Detroit papers backing several candidates are very quiet about the Legion tie-ins with big politicians. Hearst's Detroit paper gives very little space to the trial.

The American Youth Congress is preparing a benefit ball for the widows and orphans of Black Legion terror. I happened to be in their office when two policemen entered and told the young people to stop selling tickets until they had obtained a permit from the Mayor. The Detroit News published the story later. The "Red Squad" has dug up an old law about charity balls and is attempting to muzzle the A.Y.C. with it. These young people are however going ahead with the program, and expect to realize a good sum to be paid to those who have suffered most from Black Legion Terror.

There is now a brighter side to the dark cloud of Legion terrorism in Michigan. The Auto Workers Union plan to open six more halls to accomodate the influx of new members they expect from the C.I.O. drive. The Michigan Convention of the Farmer-Labor Party recently defeated the plans of Lemke-Coughlin-Smith to write in the name of Lemke as their presidential candidate. Farmer-Labor clubs are growing all over Michigan, many labor organizations are giving them active support and the Communist Party has a speaker on a local radio station one night each week. Detroit is alive and awake.

(On September 29th eleven members of the Black Legion were convicted of murder, seven in the first degree, four in the second degree.)

SCHOLAR

Within himself his soul is quiet and still.
No clash of struggle sounds or penetrates.
Let others clamor, and be fierce and shrill.
He sits with empty hands and cogitates.

Amidst the chaos he is calm and free;
No blunders have for him a tempting grace.
Truth, bright and silent, lures him tranquilly.
Peace casts its shining shadows on his face.

HELENE MULLINS

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MEN WITH HOMES

HOWARD B. HOFFMAN

No, I'm not in the radio business any more, but if you want a cheap set, I know where you can get one. It's a bit haywire; the speaker and speaker grill are busted. For a few bucks you can get a new speaker and the job is as good as new. Harold Height has it stored some place or other. Yeah, the little guy with the moustache and the bum ticker.

Not so long ago he was living on board the five masted Barkentine, "Monterey," tied up at the foot of Fallon Street. I used to drop in for a talk and a drink now and then.

The old ship was a restful sort of a hang out. She was well over three hundred feet long, steel hull, cabins all furnished and the rigging complete. Ready for her trip to the wreckers. She was later bought by the Japs, sailed over and broken up, they say "For shrapnel."

The 'boes and bindle stiffs have a jungle along that part of the estuary. Nothing permanent, as the law would wait until the place became fairly well populated, then would barge down with hot guns and grab off a few of the inhabitants who were either too slow or too sick to lamm. Under the supervision of the bulls, these lads would then demolish the shacks, clean up the mess and be run out of town.

One day early this Spring, Height noticed a newcomer on the beach. Not in the jungle proper, but right on the very edge of the estuary. The stranger was a colored man whose age I'd hesitate to guess. Perhaps anywhere between sixty and seventy-five. His hair was snow white, his shoulders bent, but his eyes were clear and his smile pleasant.

The old fellow evidently loved the sun and the water, as he set to work building a shack out of drift wood, tin and other materials on hand. He drove piles down into the water and built his home over them.

The weeks went by and he must have found small jobs around the town, as his little establishment grew brighter and even broke out in a coat of paint. God knows what could have urged him to spend the time or labor. He most certainly did not only that but he begged housewives for cuttings from their plants. Soon a colorful neat garden was growing from out of rows of cans and broken pots.

Precious sunny days passed. The hobo camp was leveled once or twice. A new drove of bums, ant-like, endeavored to rebuild. The "Monterey" was wired for city electricity and water was put aboard via a hose. Height was now able to enjoy his radio in company with his jug.

Being somewhat of an introvert as well as a soak, Height came to consider the old darkey and his routine as a part of life as it should be. He used to look forward to seeing the old chap come striding home toward the end of the afternoon. Usually carrying a bit of hand-out for an adopted cat.

The winter winds drew near, the old fellow was still holding fast. The other camps had been cleaned out harshly and frequently. The line of cars on the siding had caused his place to be hidden from a too prominent view, so it was spared destruction.

This Fall, business and shipping must have picked up a bit. The railroad company, early one morning, jerked those empties and left the old fellow's little shack standing out there alone. It was so damn neat and apparently well established,

that it seemed to thumb its nose at every harness bull in the city.

The result? Just a few ashes and that's all. Those flat footed lads went to town on that job and went to town properly. What they did to the cat I don't know. I didn't see the raid and Height never said.

Later that afternoon, I slithered around to say, "Howdy and how's about a drink?" As I made my entry, down the line comes the old darkey. He had his head up, swinging along with a sack of grub for himself and the cat. We saw him slow down to almost a stop, his head lowered and actually he seemed to shrink. I thought for a bit that he was going to drop. Being a fighter, though, he kept on his pins.

For a while he stood there looking at the tide flow where his house once stood on its pilings. He then walked heavily over to a stack of scrap lumber, put his head in his hands, his elbows on his knees and, as far as I know, didn't move for an hour. When he did, it was to pick up his sack and to walk away. Maybe, to some other town to build again for the wrecking crews.

By then, we did feel like a drink, so, into the deckhouse we went. Unfortunately, the radio was turned on and from out the speaker comes the nasal blastings of our local loaner, speaking on the subject, "Home Owners And Their Worth To The Community," you know the series of talks?

By the time I'd got to the set to turn it off, he'd already come to the part with the rave, "Men with homes are men we need—Show me a home lover and I'll show you a citizen of worth—"

All I could do was to step aside and let the bottle go sailing by. Yeah, it was almost empty. We had more.

Sure, its a good radio. Just the speaker, that's all.



ART IN SAN FRANCISCO

RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON

I: HOMMAGE A LEOPOLD SURVAGE*

LIKE Giorgio de Chirico and Jean Lurçat, Survage is a poet whose medium is paint: he is not however, a "literary" painter in the sense that Piloty and the painters of the Dusseldorf school—those expert story-tellers of which the Californian, Toby Rosenthal, was not the least—were "literary." His art, so far as literature is concerned, stems rather from Mallarmé and the Symbolists. But its immediate counterpart is modern poetry from Appolinaire to Eliot, from Corbière to Jean Cocteau. It is lyric but it is not bucolic; musical and discordant, threnodic, nostalgic; it is the discordant elegy of man among the discord of the places and the ways of men.

Mr. Alexander Fried, the critic of music and art of the *San Francisco Examiner*, has disapproved Survage, but for the wrong things. He has found Survage to be a *Surrealiste*: he is not. He has falsely attributed to Survage's distortion of the human figure a relationship to the painting of Joan Miro which it patently does not bear, for the simple reason that Miro has never employed even distorted human figures; but instead, the "personages" which have appeared in modern art, like a new race of beings, by way of Picasso, since the Cubist period. The distortion of the figure which Survage commonly employs is something of his own invention, something of the school of draughtsmanship associated with Picasso—Lurçat, Tchilichew, particularly. His painting is "abstract," neither "Cubist," since he does not break up the *objet* into its component implied cubes, nor "*Surrealiste*," since his art is composed of symbols deliberately and rationally selected. His paintings are as composed as the odes of Pindar.

The symbols which Survage employs have undergone variation and rearrangement, but essentially they are the same today as they were in 1924 or 1926: gnarled tree-trunks to suggest all summer, all fruition in the bent two forms of gigantic leaves; rectangles and triangles arranged squarely in the canvas or diminishing infinitely to suggest the City; curtained windows suggested by a rectangle, opposed curves; abstract bird forms—and, almost invariably, the Shadow of the Man, whether projected on the wall of a house, a street, or mounting infinitely the stairs. And who is the Shadow?—At once the threnodist and the races of woe, at once "I, Tiresias (who) have foreshadowed all,"

"I who have sat by Thebes below the wall
"And walked among the lowest of the dead."

He is the Legend—Survage himself and Not-Survage, the observer and observed. His shadow falls on the walls of the suburbs, under the gas-light; his shadow mounts, gigantic, the warehouse walls of seaport cracked towns; his shadow walks the streets of the City as history, of Thebes and Pompeii and Havre, of Paris and Cairo and Keokuk. It is he the Woman at the Window mourns. It is he the Woman at the Window does not receive, for there is no destination for him—whose destination is every closed and every open door. I think perhaps he may be, indeed, the Wandering Jew.

The season—a leaf that burgeons as Crete and Provence and falls as Karnak and Paris and Babylon—a naked city full of uninhabitants; stairwell and hall and empty rooms—noon-

light and twilight and gas-light—suburbs and garden walls—and always the mounting shadow of the man, always his shadow in the street:

The elegy of Survage's canvases is our own.

II: JOHN Langley HOWARD*

In contemporary California painting there is scant satire. Of what there is, John Langley Howard supplies all that is distinguished. Yet it is a satire with which one is not satisfied. Its fault is its virtue: its contemporaneity. It is, I presume, "proletarian"—and somewhat superficial. It is the product of contemporary agitation, rather than a profound criticism of humanity. That it is ephemeral becomes apparent once it is placed in juxtaposition to the trenchant, rather the terrible, satire of George Grosz. Grosz is undoubtedly of the company of the great satirists: Hogarth, Forain, Daumier. The savagery of Grosz is not misdirected: it is directed at the fundamental lusts and gluttonies and hates of humanity. A water-color of Grosz's of an apoplectic butcher, a string of savage sausages, a vivid ham, the hacked half of a pig, and an ironic mottled potted plant is as valid a criticism of the ancient as the modern world: it is outside time because its applicability is not strictly contemporary. That of Howard's ironies is. His American Legion parades, his bunting and his stump speakers, his club women and his Rotarians are, so to speak, "well taken," as one would speak of a "tin-type"—and they have much the same validity as satire. A criticism whose function is contemporary, in the sense that its aim is at ephemeral rather than basic human flaws soon loses power. There is still more force in Hogarth than there is now in Mr. Howard, and one water-color of Grosz's is more likely to sicken with the idea of war and human greed, whether it be of a butcher or a gutted soldier, than a whole carload of "raspberries."

III: MIDTOWN OUT OF TOWNT

The collection of canvases by the young painters who exhibit at the Midtown Galleries, in upper Fifth Avenue, had a surprising effect on me: I found myself, after two years of complaining about it, thinking that "perhaps some California painting isn't so bad, after all." There is little of positive merit in the collection the San Francisco Museum is showing. I do not seem to have missed very much in three years' absence from New York, at least at the Midtown Gallery. What painters of the group I did not already know are an unimpressive lot: for the uneven talent of Miron Sokole, the typical Fourteenth Street studio satire of Minna Citron, the cumbersome abstract of Frank Mechau to appear significant, in comparison, does not make one wistful for the galleries below Fifty-seventh Street. The interior by Doris Rosenthal and the quick, nervous calligraphy which Philip Evergood has borrowed and adapted from other American painters for "Landing Rum," seem to me the only canvases of positive merit, apart from one by Isabel Bishop—who no longer merits con-

*At the Art Center, San Francisco.

†San Francisco Museum of Art.

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sideration as a "young" painter. I would not trade any of them for, let us say, a Berlandina.

IV: SOME RANDOM CALIFORNIANS*

Nevertheless, I am irritated rather than pleased by the current random exhibition, primarily of California painters, at the Palace of the Legion of Honor: it is haphazard, almost an impertinence either as an exhibition of painting or as a California show. It includes painters of the XIX (Nahl, Keith, Rosenthal, etc.) and XX Centuries, but with no apparent design. I admit it was illuminating: I had not yet seen to such advantage before the brash vulgarity of Nahl. But I have seen far better Keiths, Morans, Taverniers, and the hasty representation of contemporary painters was dispiriting. It is a mystery to me why, in two years, I have not seen, in a city which produces public museums almost like Belgian hares from the pockets of citizens desiring monuments and memorials, a single exhibition, either strictly contemporary or retrospective, which gave one a comprehensive impression of California painting. Either a retrospective, or a comprehensive contemporary, exhibition is greatly to be desired, but not one which is the result of collusion on the part of a prejudiced group, or of mere expedience to a museum director.

SO THE DEVIL PASSES

LAWRENCE BERNARD

BENN W. LEVY's satire on religion, "The Devil Passes," is now playing at the Federal Musart Theater in Los Angeles. Capably acted, artistically staged, and intelligently directed, it is one of the season's most interesting offerings. The federal theater group has rung the bell this time with this English writer's comedy-drama of life, love, and religion in these modern times.

The play moves quietly from situation to situation, building to the entrance of the Devil, who appears on earth in the form of "the Reverend Lucy." The Devil is ably played by Ian MacLaren (who recently played the part of Christ in the Hollywood Pilgrimage Play). The play attacks hypocrisies in various walks of life; it proves that all things are relative and ephemeral, including love and life itself—with death the only inevitability. Human beings are portrayed as puppets who dangle on the strings of chance and circumstance; and when the puppets pull too hard the strings are apt to hurt them.

The Devil ridicules good and shows how closely evil follows it; he ridicules sin and shows ignorance behind it; he upsets man's little world and then benevolently claims he is doing the Lord's work by showing up the lies men create about them. Having kicked the support from under these poor puppets, the Devil as Reverend Lucy (short, of course for Lucifer) restores their confidence in themselves with wit and strategy, and proves to them that what they wanted most from life was not what they really wanted at all. He proves it by giving each of the characters his wish and letting each find out its actual results. The sweet blonde thing who longed for romance finds it has thorns; the poor and neglected writer learns that fame is empty; the Reverend Messiter has a nervous breakdown when he strives for the deepest Truth—

because having found it he loses his faith in God; what is worse, the Devil then sees to it that Messiter assumes an even higher position in the Church than was his in the days of his faith.

Such a play is largely dependent upon its dialogue, and in this case the dialogue lacks nothing in wit and intelligence. Nor is anything lacking in the play's interpretation by its actors—Joseph de Stefani, Thais Dickerson, Phyllis Lavay, Hal Van Rensselaer, Rudolph Steinbock, Sharley Simpson, Marian Sheldon, Stanley King and Ian MacLaren.

It is regrettable that such a company must disband and so professional a production go back to the warehouse. If, however, enough interest is shown in other cities, the play may be taken on the road up the Pacific Coast. Therefore anyone interested in the drama, and especially in projects such as the Federal Theater Group, should write letters in care of the Federal Theater in Los Angeles asking that this show be continued.

HOLLYWOOD WEEK

LOUIS NORDEN

MR. DEEDS REALLY GOES TO TOWN: When the Screen Actors' Guild was born a few years ago, not many in Hollywood could foresee the day when an organization of actors would play a leading role in the State Federation of Labor.

Departing from the position that actors are only ivory-towered artists, the Guild has taken a leading role in the labor movement, asserting itself as one of the most progressive union groups at the recent State convention. The past year which led up to the convention brought the actor into Equity and thus within the fold of the A. F. of L., saw four representatives of the Guild seated on the Los Angeles Central Labor Council, saw a growing approachment between the Guild and the Hollywood technical unions, and a growing progressivism both in the rank and file and the leadership.

The convention recognized and welcomed this growth from the floor. Adopted was a resolution putting the entire convention on record for a closed shop in the motion picture industry, an end for which the Guild had long been struggling. The resolution was made broad enough to enfold the screen writers should the Screen Writers' section of the Authors' League of America join with the Guild in its demands. Further recognition was the unanimous election of Kenneth Thompson, secretary of the Guild, as vice president of the State Federation, in charge of all labor matters in Los Angeles and Hollywood, succeeding Harry M. Williams, executive of I.B.E.W., Local 18.

The convention reached its tumultuous peak, however, when Thompson read a wire from Hollywood which pointed out that a committee of actors had, in 90 minutes, raised a fund of \$1,000 (since greatly increased) to aid the Salinas lettuce strikers. The announcement came at the most opportune moment when Governor Merriam was vacillating, when the sheriff of the Salinas area was raising the red scare, when vigilante terrorism was reaching its height. The announcement, coupled with the reading of names of contributors, brought a 10-minute ovation at the convention, gave the strikers the nation-wide publicity that played a great part in stopping the terror and forcing State officials to recognize the demands of the State Federation of Labor for investigation of

*Palace of the Legion of Honor, Lincoln Park, San Francisco.

the terror, against the wishes of the Hearst-Chalmers controlled reactionary press.

To date, the list of contributors includes:

Brian Aherne, Edward Arnold, Jean Arthur, Humphrey Bogart, J. Edward Bromberg, James Cagney, Eddie Cantor, Gary Cooper, Dudley Digges, Douglas Dumbrille, Florence Eldridge, Stuart Erwin, James and Lucille Gleason, Ted Healey, Russell Hicks, Boris Karloff, Fred Keating, Victor Killian, Fredric March, Herbert Marshall, Robert Montgomery, Jean Muir, John Qualen, Ginger Rogers, Gale Sondergaard, Lionel Stander, Lyle Talbot, Kenneth Thompson. Groups of writers, as well, were joining in the fund raising campaign which continued long after the initial announcement.

Though studio heads protested to individual stars against the "adverse" publicity of such contributions, the protests were drowned in the flood of congratulatory messages from labor groups and sympathetic individuals and organizations in all parts of the country.

A welcoming meeting is being planned by Guild officials for the purpose of greeting Thompson and putting a first-hand report before the membership on the results of the State convention.

WRITERS SPLIT: When producers successfully split the Screen Writers' Guild, several months ago, and a dual writers organization, The Screen Playwrights, Inc., came into being, predictions were made of a split in that organization.

The split is already becoming evident. It was evident as early as two weeks ago when individual writers, whose contracts were up for renewal, found themselves being faced with salary cuts. Due to the split in the writers' organization, they were forced to accept the wage cuts, since without solidarity there could be no organized protest. The climax came when Bess Meredyth, 20th Century-Fox writer, loyal to Darryl Zanuck, who had been one of the instigators of the split, found that Darryl Zanuck wasn't being loyal to her. For Miss Meredyth, too, faced a cut, refused, and finally gave up her contract. At M-G-M, too, James Kevin McGuinness, one of Irving Thalberg's loyal boys, found, before the death of his boss, that the loyalty was all one-sided.

Dramatically enough, this moment—a moment of triumph for the Screen Actors' Guild—is the moment of organized salary cuts among the writers due to their disorganization. But also it is the moment for the immediate organizations of the Screen Writers' section of the Authors' League, the building of a solid organization, the instituting of a membership drive that will take advantage of all of the contradictions in the Screen Playwrights group.

A solid organization, even though it be but one-fourth the size of the old Guild, can wield a great influence in the industry, can work horizontally with all American writers in one craft, and autonomously with the powerful Actors' Guild and the trade unions in the Hollywood industry.

NOTES IN THE NEWS: Now 20th Century-Fox announces a Pinkerton story . . . Sergei Eisenstein has requested a script of Conrad Seiler's play "Censored" which ran in Los Angeles on WPA. It is being produced on Broadway in November by A. H. Woods . . . KFWB, Warner Brothers' radio station, has been made the key spot for Mayor Shaw's Emergency Disaster Committee which has already begun meeting unofficially to prepare for expected labor strikes in either the waterfront or newspaper industries . . . The American Federation of Actors has signed closed shop agreements with 67 locals of the American Federation of Musicians in

the United States and Canada . . . M-G-M's "Tale of Two Cities" has been banned in Peru, which is "extremely sensitive about any story dealing with revolution" . . . Major studios are considering the use of more Negro actors in films to aid the box-office . . . Odets' "Till the Day I Die" has been banned in New South Wales.

NEW TACTIC: In 1932, the motion picture industry put over a 50 per cent cut on employees with success, though not without trouble. Even the unorganized militancy of employees forced the studios to curb the length of the "contribution" to an 8-week period.

In the last four years, the studios have learned much about strategy. Now Paramount is showing the way with a new tactic, the organization of a Studio Club for employees on a vast scale, controlled of course, by such studio officials as George Bagnall, studio treasurer, and G. S. Rasdall, personnel manager.

For the past three years, the club was left to its own devices. Now, under the slogan of "Keep Paramount Friendly," studio officials are starting a drive to get every employee into the club. Why?

Two months ago, J. E. Kennedy, Wall Street manipulator, was hired at a cost of \$50,000 to make a survey of Paramount's studio production and administrative operation methods. His final report called for wholesale slashing of salaries and general tightening of personnel. The report was suppressed at the time until two different groups of Morgan bankers in the board of directors could agree on control of the organization. This has been accomplished, and the cuts are about to be put into effect.

Fully half of Paramount's list of producers are to be dropped from the contract list, writers salaries are to be cut, and a general economy program will go into operation in the studio and in the New York office, resulting in the intensification of the jobs of the workers who remain, plus a lowering of wages among all unorganized labor groups. The Paramount Studio Club is being used as a device to stifle employee criticism of the move, and to gain the support of "loyal" employees against "disgruntled elements" who cannot reconcile a program of firing and wage cuts with Paramount's huge profits.

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By Irwin Shaw

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D. H. LAWRENCE'S EPITAPH

WNA JEFFERS

● BOOKS

THOSE PEOPLE who knew Lawrence well and have, since his death, talked and written at great length about him diverge sharply in their interpretation of the man, but they agree in this that he possessed an amazing power of enhancing things; when he was present they were aware of an enrichment and quickening of life. That he had this quality even as a boy is revealed in * "D. H. Lawrence, A Personal Record" by E. T. She was his chosen and steadfast friend during his adolescence and young manhood: during ten years and more their sympathy and understanding deepened. E. T. is not hampered by self-consciousness in describing the course of their friendship and its unhappy ending. She has been able to catch and interweave so many fleeting impressions and sharply felt sensations with spontaneous bits of remembered conversations that clear images of the early Lawrence arise before the reader, a great personality is visibly unfolding, "a growing and taking shape of some intangible thing." Bert, as they called him, came constantly to visit the dairy farm where E. T. lived with her parents several miles from his home in the colliery town. There were idyllic days of walking in the wood, gathering blue-bells and black berries, exploring a deserted manor farm, even a few excursions to the sea and there was work as well. E. T. gives us glimpses of him joyously urging on his fellow harvesters, planting the flower garden, even peeling onions and other unpleasant chores in the kitchen, always with gaiety. The big easy-going family found him a fascinating companion. There was about him an eager immediacy, each vanishing moment was snatched as if it were a culmination. E. T. says "whenever I looked at him I seemed to see the naked flame of life." He made them all dance, and sing part songs and act charades, he taught E. T. French and mathematics and carried on a continuous discussion with her of Books and the Meaning of Life. Very early Lawrence had become conscious that he had more acute perceptions than the people around him and his darting thoughts sought tirelessly for his predestined work. Later he wrote to E. T. "You, the anvil on which I hammered myself out" and when she bemoaned her lack of education he retorted "You've had me—you've had a very good education!" He was as domineering toward this girl as he was invariably to the women he knew when he was older.

Entirely different from the congenial family at the farm was Bert's home, where E. T. was disconcerted by the "tightness and dramatic tension in the air." The father seldom appeared, but hastened from pit to pub. It was the little mother, rigidly Puritan and self-righteous who ruled them all. Toward her Lawrence evinced a devotion so complete as to be pathological. E. T. thinks this alone prevented his delight in her own friendship from developing into love. Their relation was poisoned and frustrated, but E. T. was still the dependable critic to whom he entrusted all his writing, page by page. When he was discouraged by publishers, rebuffs, she brought him to the notice of Ford Madox Ford who arranged to print his poems in the English Review.

When his mother died, Lawrence plunged with desperate haste into the writing of his great autobiographical novel "Sons and Lovers." As E. T. read the pages of this manuscript she knew how vain was her hope, that in analyzing his life he would free himself from the thrall of his mother. She found herself as the "Miriam" of the book playing so distorted a part that the finality of their division was apparent. Their

*D. H. LAWRENCE, A PERSONAL RECORD BY E. T. Introduction by Middleton Murray. (New York: Knight Publications) \$1.75

long friendship would have been ended even if he had not suddenly gone away to Germany with Frieda.

One day Lawrence said to E. T. "You will live to write my epitaph." This record is an epitaph written with an "ineradicable loyalty" which has turned her words away from all the bitterness of his rejection to the vital remembrance of his "gay and dauntless spirit and the living vibration that passed between him and every other creature." For her he will always be "the symbol of overflowing life."

Middleton Murray wrote a curious preface to this book, rather apologetic about his own memoir of Lawrence and wholly irritable about its reception. He is careful to bow courteously to E. T. and to Frieda in turn and to assign to each a just importance in Lawrence's life.

AMERICAN PIONEERS

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK by Walter D. Edmonds (Little, Brown, and Co.) \$2.50

WALTER EDMONDS has given a fine, fresh new version of the American Revolution in this simply yet beautifully told story of a handful of German settlers fighting five hard years for the land they tilled and loved.

Receiving no aid from Congress, which was too far away to be bothered with squabbles on the border, these hardy, stubborn, lovable people struggled and finally won their bit of cleared land in upper New York, battling tremendous odds—British troops, Tories and Indians—mostly Indians. Time and again they were raided, saw their friends scalped, their houses, wheat and cattle burned, their wives raped. Still they kept on building, resettling, having children.

Most of the characters are fictitious and the few historical ones are vividly and humanly drawn. One lives with them, feels their love and wonder at this new land, their fears and disappointments, their scorn for a government that refuses to help.

Old General Heckimer, fatally wounded, comforting the green surgeon who had just cut off his leg, with stories of the first deer he had shot. Joe Baleo, the sardonic woodsman who had married an Indian, and big Adam Helmer who outran an army of Indians to give warning of a raid, and loved to brag about it, are just some of the people you will meet in this book and will enjoy.

SUZANNE HEDGER

IS HUXLEY CHANGING?

EYELESS IN GAZA by Aldous Huxley. (Harper and Brothers). \$2.50

IF you are a Huxley enthusiast, you will find much of the old Huxley in "Eyeless in Gaza." There are passages full of sophisticated irony that remind one of "Antic Hay" and "Point Counterpoint." The order of events in the book may be confusing and annoying to many readers. Anthony Beavis at the age of forty three is going over photographs of parents and friends. Different photographs recall past events, and these form the chapters of the book. From 1933 the book jumps to 1902. Other chapters deal with episodes happening in 1914, 1924, 1912, and so on. The last chapter which sums up Huxley's philosophy is dated 1935.

COMING!

ROVING WITH THE MIGRANTS

by Carol Gresham

"MARIA, SHE TAKA CARE,"
Short Story by Elsa Gidlow

The characters are typically Huxleyan: hard, brilliant, far too much so to be real. One character, Brian, Beavis' schoolboy friend is, however, almost unreal in his lack of hardness. He commits suicide. Helen Amberley, intelligent and independent, becomes weary and cynical after her lover is kidnapped and killed by Nazis. Staithes, a rather obnoxious schoolboy, becomes a tortured sensitive person. One character, Dr. Miller, is the type of person that Huxley might ordinarily ridicule. The doctor's pseudo-science mixed with mysticism seems absurd, but his belief in humanity and his courage as well as efficiency are so emphasized that the reader may be sure that Huxley agrees with the doctor. Beavis when he is about to make a pacifist speech receives a threatening letter from a "group of patriotic Englishmen." At first he is frightened and wishes that Miller might be there to encourage him. The thought of the unity of all things finally comforts him. He knows he cannot go back to his "private box and making comments." He is ready to make his speech and knows all will be well.

All this shows that there has been a change in Huxley. He has abandoned his attitude of cynical disillusion. He is no longer the detached intellectual, yet like so many, he is not willing to admit the need for any real economic struggle and change. The bitterness and hatred of certain persons actively struggling against re-action appal him. His sympathy and understanding may lead him to more pronounced views, but there is also the danger that he will be satisfied with a sentimental pacifism.

GEORGE VAN DER WETERING

GLORY IN CALIFORNIA

GLORY ROADS, by Luther H. Whiteman and Samuel L. Lewis. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.) \$2.00

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is rapidly becoming world-renowned both as a breeding place for new "isms" and as a land where those cults spawned elsewhere can always find ready converts. Such movements in the land of sunshine usually have either a religious, medical, or political basis, and of the three main types Messrs. Whiteman and Lewis have chosen as their subject those of the last variety which have sprung up since the crash of 1929, each having had a remarkably glorious heyday, and each, as the novelty wore off, suffering a gradual decline with the advent of a newer and more dazzling movement.

The authors discuss, among many other things, Technocracy, Utopianism, Townsendism, Co-operatives, and Epic. Technocracy and the beginnings of Utopia are discussed rather sketchily and with an "Isn't this silly?" attitude which tempts one to reply "It certainly is," and close the book. But from the third chapter on they give their subject more consideration, although still no respect. This, after all, may be too much to ask! The reader is given an orderly and informative account of the various movements from their inception down to their status as of the Spring of 1936, at which time the authors show that most of them are still in existence, though on a greatly reduced scale, and that they are still busy with various functions and activities.

Much of this, however, makes somewhat dull reading. The reader often feels that the authors themselves are rather fed up with the various entanglements and theories, but the book becomes interesting when it reaches the Epic movement. The story of the struggle of the brilliant and perverse lone wolf, Sinclair, with his amazing strength and his equally amazing weaknesses, against the combined forces of Hearst, Merriam, and the bigger business men, is really well told, with a fine feeling for the drama of the situation.

Besides this, the authors are careful not to obtrude overmuch their own opinion into this essentially factual account,

and content themselves with brief criticism from time to time of a few of the ideas and arguments. They have a rather nice wit and there are many humorous passages. From their comment one would gather that they are somewhat Jeffersonian in their ideas and it is rather surprising to find from the brief biographical sketches on the jacket that Mr. Whiteman is one of the founders of the Social Credit movement in California and that Mr. Lewis has served actively as a speaker and general interpreter in the Townsend movement.

The conclusions which they reach from this survey are rather sensational. In the strength of the Townsend movement and the Messianic attitude which its leader has assumed lately they see the beginnings of a Fascist revolution à la Hitler. It is a pity the authors show no understanding of communism. Their rather bitter remarks about PACIFIC WEEKLY are quite uninformed, and they credit Lincoln Steffens with "casting jibes" at Upton Sinclair when actually the late Editor wrote time and again in the warmest and friendliest spirit about his old friend, the Epic leader. It would not have hurt the book if such facts had been accurate.

WINSTON GIBBS

HOW TO GRAFT

YOU'RE PAYING FOR IT! A GUIDE TO GRAFT, by Charles H. Garrigues, (Funk and Wagnalls) \$2.00

THIS little text-book on graft is a splendid piece of work. Full of sardonic humor, it is painfully true. Garrigues has chosen for his theme the wise statement of Lincoln Steffens . . . "It seemed to me that the next step for the American people to take was to learn to do wrong knowingly." Well, Mr. Garrigues sets out to teach ambitious politicians how to do wrong "knowingly."

And the author should know whereof he speaks for he was an investigator of graft in Los Angeles. As a matter of cold fact, he investigated the office of the District Attorney of Los Angeles county regarding cases that I worked on during my "detecting days."

In "You're Paying For It!" the author delivers his thesis in school-book style. He tells us just what graft consists of, who are grafters, and gives us the sources of graft. In his amusing foreword, he offers the hope that every politician will eventually have a copy, if not on top of his desk, at least in one of the drawers. It would be an excellent idea, at that.

There is no question but that Charles Garrigues has turned out a valuable social document. If this writing seems tinged with cynicism it only adds to the humor but does not detract from the essential truths contained. It would be interesting to speculate on the future of municipal politics if this book could be used as a text-book in our high schools. Perhaps an over-dose of graft, like poison, might result in a cure where other remedies have failed.

Let's hope there are enough intelligent readers interested in this book to make it the success it should be.

LESLIE T. WHITE

CORRESPONDENCE

Editors, "Pacific Weekly"

Dears Sirs:

I am collecting, with a view to publication, the letters of Lincoln Steffens. I will be grateful if those who have letters of any sort from Lincoln Steffens will be kind enough to send them to me at Box 855, Carmel, California. All letters will be handled with great care and returned promptly. I am particularly interested to obtain letters written by Lincoln Steffens to students, teachers and others who were not necessarily intimate friends of the family.

Ella Winter

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PACIFIC WEEKLY

OCTOBER 5, 1936

GROUPS IN ACTION

BATTLESHIPS VS. CULTURE

The Congress of the International Association of Writers for the Defense of Culture, held recently in London, was attended by world famous literary artists such as Andre Malraux, Ilya Ehrenbourg, Rebecca West, H. G. Wells, Julian Benda and others. An important issue was raised by Malraux when he urged the writers to unite in recommending to their respective governments that a great Encyclopaedia be formulated for the purpose of preserving Western culture in a form available to and understandable by the common man. Upon H. G. Wells' objection that the Encyclopaedia would cost several million dollars to make, Malraux observed with irony "Yes, the cost of three battleships." Julian Benda, famous French critic, stated the purpose of the Congress in terms of the modern scene in these words: "We must preserve those parts of our culture which are national, but not those which are nationalist."

POLITICAL PRISONERS

The response of the public to the cry for investigation of West Virginia State Prison conditions, and particularly of the case of labor-prisoners Mullins and Bock at that institution (explained two weeks ago in this column) has been highly encouraging. Moreover pressure is being exerted upon local office seekers and nominees in the state to force a statement of their opinions concerning the case of Mullins and Bock, while all labor unions are joining in the drive to gain special status under the law for political prisoners in West Virginia and elsewhere.

FOUR GRANTED CITIZENSHIP

Federal Judge Wayne G. Borah reversed his decision of June 16 denying citizenship to four applicants on the ground that they were on relief, according to information received by the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born.

Three, Joseph Folletti, Natale Martello, and Albert Guerrero, have already become American citizens. The fourth, Nicholas Bougelas, is ill and will be granted citizenship as soon as he is well enough to appear before the authorities.

The New Orleans Local Committee which successfully conducted the campaign to secure a reversal of Judge Borah's decision, was formed jointly by the American Committee for Protection for Foreign Born, the American Civil Liberties Union, and the Foreign Language Information Service.

VIGILANTE FLOGGINGS PUNISHED

Organized public indignation has brought about the sentences of four years in prison for kidnaping given to five Florida police in the Tampa flogging trials. The sentences are being appealed, but Judge Robert Dewell denied the five men a new trial. Perhaps even cops will find trouble in the future in taking on the privileges of beating, whipping, or lynching citizens in connection with their duties—at least, in Florida.

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THEY TELL ME . . .

FREDERICK C. HOWE, who worked on the Consumers' Council for two years under the present Administration, and has written some twenty books on American municipal politics, is just back from Denmark and Austria, where he spent a vacation. His new book "Denmark—the Cooperative Way" will be out this Fall, published by Coward McCann. "Confessions of a Reformer," Mr. Howe's autobiography, was one of the most engaging stories of the life of an intelligent and single-minded reformer and it shows exactly how far reform got.

R. PALME DUTT, editor of the English Labour Monthly, who wrote "Fascism and Social Revolution," has a new book called "World Politics, 1918-1936," coming from Random House in October. One critic says it is much the best survey he has seen of contemporary international politics.

GILBERT SELDES, author of "The Seven Lively Arts" and "The Years of the Locust," has a new book just out, "Mainland," published by Scribner's. "It is an affirmative book, almost revolutionary," say the publishers, "in that it seeks to discover the true worth of America in world civilization, and sees no place for Fascism or Communism in an American future."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL story of the life of the internationally known American sculptress, Malvina Hoffman, has also just been published by Scribner's. "Heads and Tales" is the story of her development as an artist and the chronicle of her adventures as she travelled the world for five years collecting material for her figures in the Hall of Man at the Field Museum of Chicago. The book is illustrated with more than one hundred pages of pictures of Mrs. Hoffman's work and travels.

SCRIBNER'S HAVE JUST published a new novel of civil war days in Russia, "Interval Ashore" by Horton Gidley. A British naval officer who saw service in the Baltic during the post-war white struggles in Russia, Horton Gidley was himself captured by the Bolsheviks.

GENERAL VICTOR A. YAKHONTOFF, whose "Eyes on Japan" was published last month, has just returned from the Soviet Union, where for two months he and his wife were the leaders of a travel group.

ENGLAND HAD A Brain Trust and a New Deal, but she had it first, according to Henry James Whigham, whose book, "The New Deal—English and American" has just been published by Putnam. He contends that the original Brain Trusters were not Moley, Berle, Tugwell, et al., but Asquith, Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Haldane and John Morley, and that England started New Deal legislation twenty years ago. Whigham, an Englishman by birth and an American by naturalization, was for many years editor of the "Metropolitan Magazine" and "International Studio."

DR. FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS, New York psychiatrist and author of "Russia, Youth and the Present-Day World," one of the best books yet published on the Soviet Union, died unexpectedly on board ship returning from Russia. Dr. Williams was a most acute observer, an intelligent and warm-hearted participant in the new "future" and a clear and vivid writer. He made many friends in California on a visit last year. His latest communication from the Soviet Union said things were progressing there "amazingly."

WHAT NOTS: Erskine Caldwell will go on a lecture tour this winter, under the direction of Frances Grossel . . . Beginning with its October issue "The American Mercury" will be brought down to the size made popular by "The Reader's Digest." . . . As a result of Benjamin Stolberg's controversial article in a recent issue of the Nation, "The Jew and the World," he has been besieged with requests for lectures on the subject . . . John Gunther has completely revised his "Inside Europe" and the book has been reset to include the Spanish Civil War, Blum's government of the Left, and other recent events, with 15,000 words added to the text. The new edition is just issued . . . Samuel Putnam, Granville Hicks and Mrs. George Soule left for Brazil this week to demand the freedom of Luis Prestes and other political prisoners of the Brazilian government. Mr. Putnam expects to return in time for the publication of "Bitter Victory," which he has just translated from the French. McBride will publish the novel October 27 . . . Included in "Lincoln Steffens Speaking," which Harcourt, Brace and Company will publish October 29, is a long telegram entitled "I Cover the General Strike" which Steffens wrote at the request of a New York syndicate but which was not used. It will be published in a book for the first time.

ELLA WINTER